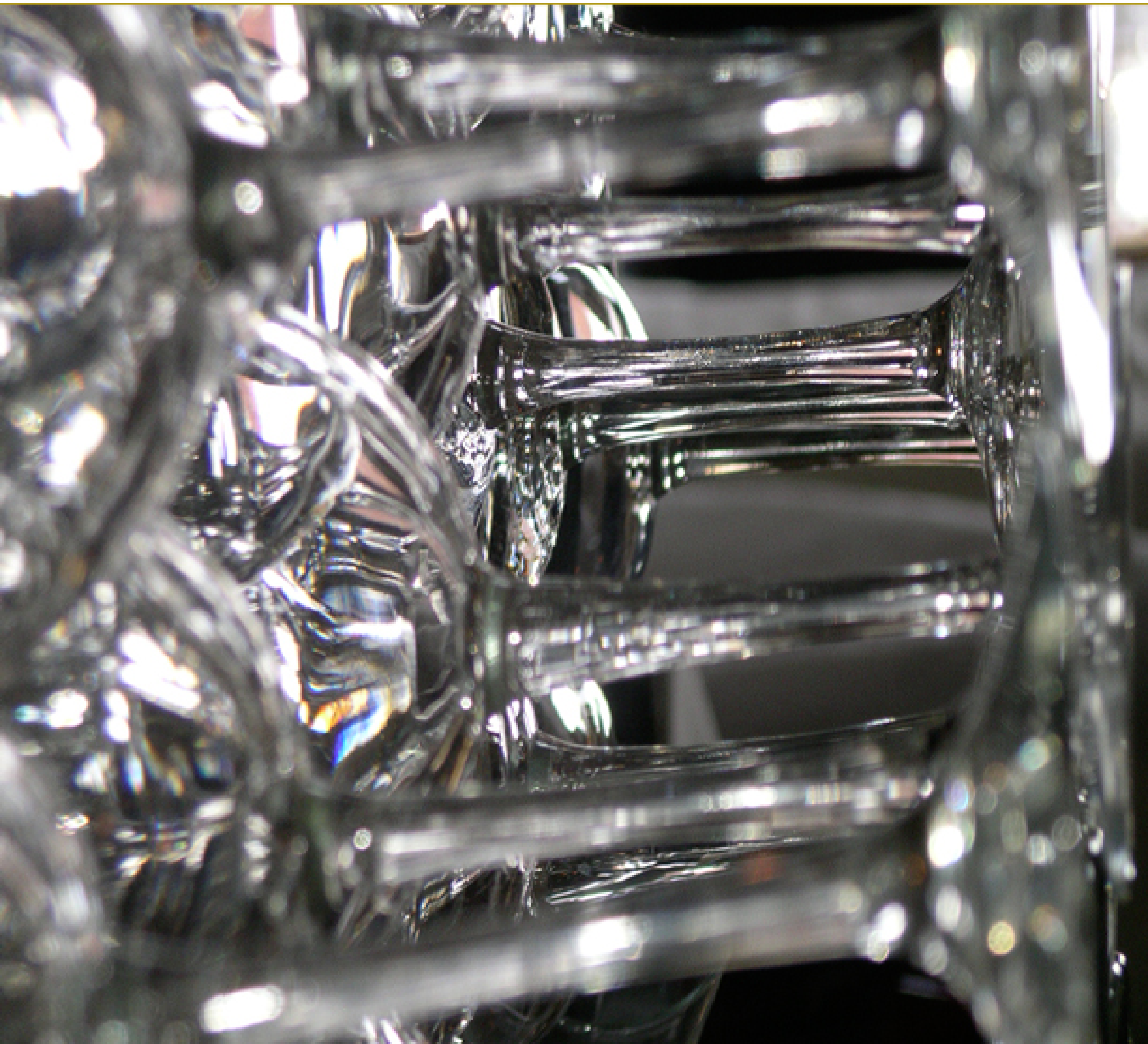
Beams

Adam Fieled



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Nth Position— “debbie jaffe”

Ocho #6— “creep”

Otoliths— “Apparition Poems”

Words Dance— “sex hex”, “solipsist”

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Sex hex

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leaving her careening, ecstatic

nothing wrong w/ a little push

take her up, stroke her belly
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& possibly let you construct her

solipsist

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Leaves

Leaves tonight are leaning
spots of light inside inside-ness

then when you pause a moment
wade in Poseidon's fountain

cherish the night's totality
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for christening

Infinite Regress

Modigliani-marvelous
you collapsed perspectives

“vessel” in torso-line, reflected
back, over your shoulder

you leapt from the frame
colors in you remained canvas

fore-grounded dimensions

Silk

if I could fashion a fashion from fashion

your fabric fluttered over my chest
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shutters would close on our revelations

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a fashion past the lips of limitation
defined not to distinguish or over-vogue

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and to tease out each stark blue

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emmie

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uncles, ex-cranberries;

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ex

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crossed corrugated lips

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would happen, as you

“just knew” it’d happen
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Whiskey

Balance, easily sought, is hardly attained;
no sooner are we aloft than we're

buried beneath snow-drifts; grace follows damn-
nation, damnation follows grace, & whiskey

soaked evenings are always a possibility.
In fact, it's here that Li Po forged

whatever stealth was his, in the first buzz
of drunkenness. I follow him, rattled, jarred,

& stymied by the world's cries, & my own,
& soon I sit amid piles on both sides—

exultations, horrors, amassed like so many
stamps, low-priced, out of date.

Drip

I've received, refused one invitation into Middle America.
Her body was a cornfield, that's true. Everything in it

was ripe. She engraved the invitation on my bed,
mixed it into my drinks, taped it on the fridge.

It hovered between us like a mist, soon grew monstrous.
Shit or get off the pot, she said. *Get while the getting's*

good. I was lost in the green rows of her skin. I was
afraid of the Middle, it's ice-creamy easiness. It dripped.

By autumn, I blew it. The harvest moon shone on stubs.
The pissed Middle swore to evade me forever. I don't miss it.

Blog

every post you post is posted post-haste

succor-seeking cocks in your hand and mouth
seminal urges baffle you like nitrous

chin-dribble takes back-space from your keyboard
one hand pumps page-down, one inserts

shift mixes drivel and nut-sack sweat

I take tabs, control, alter, delete,
sans cock-lock, escape-ready, home-truth entered

your print inscribes epithets on my X-key
at an outpost, post-modernity betrayed

by your complete lack of question marks

Pay

Summer's leaving, it's plague time.
Penny-parted cogs scrape, blare, cut & swear.

Voices stay wall-stuck, slashed between
poppy-dog chains. I've got purple before me.

It's like a hunger-chiseled face. I pay
& pay; smoked heads flung into grimace,

I'm grimaced beneath smoke, oven-churned.
She's cigarettes, restless, side-walked.

Excess weight pinches finely-nerved necks;
mauve sky's a bared torso, an "if";

I could chunder, that's certain.

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look through

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    with veins

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art in “do”

art

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this, this

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all in a line

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for them to
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my my

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                                        O dear

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    is expressive

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put upon a page
white, long, lined
can’t complain

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what do I know
what does “last” mean
“last” is not “lost”
purple frame, clear door.

#124

when a head tilts
round eyes, snap

MADAME PSYCHOSIS

Sarah Israel

Memory wears white tee-shirts, is blue-eyed,
that I "remember" her.
This new kind of "I" passes fourth-grade notes,
says "I like you" to her.
It trailed off in her swimming pool.
She was so spiteful.
That "I" remember "her" is a kind of joke,
but we did dance at Bar Mitzvahs.
And some of them were slow.
And some ended in other things.
Call this an aesthetic of Tantalus.
Tantalus was overeager in English class;
a "he" in "she" seen by me.
I heard of her exploits later.
"She's so totally after him."
"You don't have to strip to tease".
I saw her in a seeing not seen by any eye,
& the "I" that saw, saw my eye not at all.

helen lee

you said (it was a way of saying)
hold me, touch, kiss. vagaries of
bliss, explosive, like, lemons. like
"like". reach behind, "blind". i'm,
progressing, make. miner, key,
brooding. expressive of the sole's
rubber. only a lamp through wind
clarities. (not a, not, a, formula).

changing lit's lace. how fetching,
fowl. red, buttons, noticed, before,
she, came. not tender, tenderly
rendered, heart-rending lee "deus
ex machine-esque"— "like glory"

Dawn Ananda

clambers to clutch things in a snake-like grip;
model-trim belly, w/ just the vaguest fat-hint
towards hip-ends, is often bared in dancing;

hair, italian brunette, irish straight, gets caught
in her mouth when a harsh caress tenses her;
ass, perfect median meager-voluptuous, will

raise itself when she chooses a favorite CD;
neck, african-elongated, porcelain-pure, frightens
in the extreme refinement of its' delicacy;

legs, edible swizzle-sticks & gazelle-gorgeous,
become erratic after three or four drinks;
tongue, volatile entity-in-itself, is bellwether

of nothing whatsoever but what the strokes are up to

lizzie mclean

was all pot roast. hope:
that I can't hold, doll.
for you write, wrong. big.
bold. ass, a nine-volt shite.
"boners were tulips", yes,
butt, I never, have never,
buttered heads, as such,
w/ you. it's all weary
simper. I, conned, take,
your, "can't".

paula

chaos, order, clipped bird-like into
wings & cries. i could only ever
think: paula. all the thrusts &
pumps that could never be. “all”
that must be withheld, & that
it might be better that way.

you gave me the gift: savoring
wanting. how it really was you
i wanted. not a body but a soul.
i tell myself i’ve “been through
you”, forever & never. zero here,
same as two. empty. saturated. dark.

eye eye eye

nile-wide, eye eye eye.
a sylph, bee low my buzz.
it wants, to do, at mouth.
no. not every one. can end,
dare-a-licked, like is. or:
put it, porn again. dew wit
like its done, on, cyber.
space, opened, bee twain. no,
went in sight. tight tight.

debbie jaffe

& that i must caesar. arms, curd
went down. found, mice, shelf, armor
machine. wasp it up, & up, & up, real
member a machine. then, head, shot,
“she said”, she said. feel, linger, can’t.
belly, caesar, belly. debit, giraffe, red-
headed. purge to null, urge, two, pull.
eye, belly, belie. (   )

lucy stingle

yr back's back in back. black.
fingers ride cheeks like sea-foam.
soft cut of a hard look. tow-
headed horse's ass pony-tail.
rather a strong black-strapped sit.
quick tongue-dart like plane's
blinking beacon. now I'm "back",
or you're fronting. easy trick. Rote
gimmick. gerund: "gallivanting".
meaning: to parade, wantonly.
I'll, we'll, give it "back". easy. still black.

Debra Harnigan

Noting/ cheekbone sluice/ china veneer
Impulses/ bathroom stalls/ naughtiness
I'm in on it/ gentle as anesthesia/ drops
Disrupt/ retrograde attitude/ mercurial
Your middle/ leaned up/ lifting belly
Your bottom/ budging metal/ melting
In-drip/ innards ingrown/ warm war

& then the how the went the into the flush

Becky Grace

It’s woven into her, that polo
shirt. She might even fuck w/ it.
Not “we”, post-we or sub-we, but
just “pseudo”, “quasi”, “ersatz”.
Nothing w/ “self” in it; nothing
implying discrete boundaries.
Becky isn’t bounded, or has
boundlessness woven into her…

Polo shirts are what they are,
remain so. If I say “objective
correlative”, I bring string into it,
so that Becky might be
strung up. I don’t deny a “literal”
element, or that Becky might stay in.
All I mean is, between “us”, there’s
“more-than-us”. That’s what I’m
“getting at”; it’s woven into me

VIRTUAL PINBALL (with Lars Palm)

Isla Perdida (Lars, w/ Adam)

somewhere between summer &
eternity anesthesiologists
wonder, where, the whitewash, went.
There is certainly need enough
for that, they further, muse. In
wee hours of morning he claims to
speak seven languages; says one of the
municipal buses, runs, to a place called

isla perdida which may be where the
horror writers sit & type all day or
maybe in some, instances (insomniac
anyone?), night-watched.
& somewhere between lairs of
the liars that be, a little, while, longer

un-blown (now go & sin) (Lars, w/ Adam)

a popular poplar parties
w/ pre-menstrual princesses—
that's blues for you.
i shall over-churn that cop car.
though, i'm, no occupational. or force,
just a kid, with, shorts, & a
slingshot. there's lost. of fun
to be had w/ one of toes. god
nose, hose down those
who got bruised, by, the news.

or those used cars w/ broken brakes
so poplar among third-rate
pop-shears for reasons, un-blown.
by the application of solid air-ity
banks to issue interest-free
loans to make it easier to start
businesses in, precarious, areas.
or a tuna sandwich,
which is what he needs before
he heeds the ball to charms. arms

race through the face of a
shitting sun. one. or more, who's
keeping score? sore boards
bored pirate-ships w/ swaying
hips to counterbalance the rocking
& rolling of the waves singing
that old song by queen. bohemian
rap-sodden mean, no, mean, feat, by,
their talk of lye. to fit right in. now go & sin

this is a song (about how I'm a monkey) (Adam, w/ Lars)

"what about, uh, what about a guy w/ an attitude?"
"oh yeah, we got guys like that"
I had problems;
I was arrested for jay-walking in Los Angeles;
I felt, OK, this was this type of character,
in fact
I met people that were just trying to make a living
paradox;
"for thirty years you walk side by side, overnight
lose everything, but not once do you blame
people, so people like yourself can reap the..."
filtered through my own perspective, hate-mail, a story...

"I'm a big fan of close-ups", interested in the human
face, there were some beautiful, like, crane-shots,
I mean, obviously, the greatest location of the human
face, the eyes, the soul of the character,

"I feel it but I don't pay it any mind"

Dick Cheney's Brain (Adam, w/ Lars)

Dick Cheney's brain— it's, a, kneel,
right-male. Spend four days, figuring,
poor, pabulum. Never get the image out
of his mammary. Fox news knocks fuse,
few, fugue, death-mew. Pleasure or
virtue, which would you blues?
Increasingly cloudy morning highs
falling, though. Will satellite beer,
round, mud, schlonger? Respect-
shun was none too wood, board

crisis, moon. The hip-hop revolution
has, taken, plays— ubu boos you. That
doesn't mean the strategy is long
run day one. Holding on to fewer &
fewer trial, investors, wondering.
Serious is set to announce it's big,
also, general, motors. Could be
forced to already analysts push
chapter eleven. Chick, dainty, s'brain—
it promised to back away from that.
Promise making a settlement likely

(don't wanna be nobody's) hero (Lars, w/ Adam)

“should we not have been here before? were
we not here before?” what do you mean
by "here" & "before"? is this a dead
end? & why should that matter, he
asks himself, & the walls, the sun. it
wasn't me who last saw him alive.
                                        i think
it was that man in the checkered suit,
you know who i mean; the one who
always sings the songs nobody
remembers— he sings them well, i'll
give him that. one of them seems to be a
hymn to the rising tide. oh, & while we’re
at it, what do you mean by "been"?
                                        unless i
spelled that wrong & you're
just hungry, not strangely curious
about a dead man who (i think) will
remain where he is…

Debt (Adam, w/ Lars)

"you've got a radical
extension of debt; it
is being noticed; you
can find an excerpt in
hunger here at home

focus on the fact that
he's a dwarf, falling
through the Earth; with
out a written language,
feels shut out"

in the trial, lasting however-
many months, fate in
hands, "they already had
one", it's called theology

hat's a life-span, a
life-style; not the kind
of family (though heavens
may fall) the governments
talk about

they can become show-men,
that's (kind of) what they
do; the job was, "done"

hell in (Adam, w/ Lars)

there’s a “she” across
the street
who cooks
butternut squash soup
an “I” & a “he”

One really wonders

Sometimes she’s seen
in the window
stroking her pussy

It could jump
out the window
nothing would change

Twenty feet of air
divides “us”.

She could be painted
abstractly

I’ve done it.

Rhythmic brush-strokes
swirling pink
for her pussy

He hung it
he’s hung

I hung around
eating her
butternut squash

What kind of
composition is
this?

the love of hopeless cusses (Lars, w/ Adam)

what’s there to wonder about? it's all,
very, simple. There’s a man across the
street from her, on the floor above, who
employs whores, she's apparently trying to
provoke him into doing something
obscene-- that shouldn't be too hard. What’s
there to chunder about? there is, as in
all major cities, a housing shortage, & it’s
solved not by those who should & could
solve it, but by those who need to, in any,
way, they can. What’s there to blunder
about? enough of this, then. i think i'll go
fondle some imponderable side-streets………

Virtual Pinball (Adam, w/ Lars)

I don't mind you mining
for cheap, Google hits, it’s
par, for, the, purse. “just give
me, my chair,
get me out of
my, hair”. parse sparse blog-
hogs. leave, a trail of,
hosts— no metaphor.

this ain’t no Moulin Rouge. or,
you know how I read, it’s cool
w/ me. (I was Di’s
favorite waste of time)(I’m
embedding a god-damned
narrative, OK?) “one is over
there, one’s over here, it works.”

Bertold Brecht,
Nicanor Parra,
Jimmy Page,
Yossarian,
Hans Castorp,
Rumi (abused by translator),
Hmphr Bgrt.

Di’s (I’ve never
seen) right there. We
snuck in her back
door, you can fake
cough— we declare an
era of

virtual (fucking) pinball

body count (Lars, w/ Adam)

count one. one of montechristo. who didn't have the strange hobby
of draping whole islands in plastic, or whatever, cloth. clothing, some
say, should suit the weather. whether the body counts or not, the same some don't say.
you don't say. surely madam, you jest. a runaway breast? here, on this street? no wonder
all the drivers leaned so heavily on their horns. “sagawa chika”. the last light of the day,
normally a deep blue, turned green. & then yellow. that's when the birds took flight in a
hurry. to beat the red they all thought was next

count two. won't say where, so let's keep with the math. but this is
easy. we're just adding one. one what? oh, i don't know. word. thought.
political assassination. or attempt at. silly monologue. house perched on mountain side.
“alejandra pizarnik”. there was only one. that's quite enough, thank you & don't forget the
fish. you did after all bore it into biting your hook. that was rather impressive. watching
mount st helens explode

count three. we appear also to be subtracting one. line, that is. was
it lime we would be hard pressed to make an even half decent “margin-eater”. why ever
we would want to do that. “joan brossa”. there is still so much fun to be made of things. &
the finger of god blew off in the storm last fall. maybe, just maybe, there is something we
could learn from that

count four. score & more. sure. a pure pleasure. after those 95 minutes
of headless headmasters, witless witnesses & you name it. “philip whalen”. barking back at
dogs. laughing with happy chinaman after stealing his sack of candy which, he knows,
were poems. posted on fence posts (?)

look a tail

today’s worst news
run over twice by cops
& the sweet animal rights
activist didn't have
time to save me

there's bound to be a
cat in here somewhere
unbound, hopefully, like
that creature called
“curiosity” pawing around

killing them by the
thousands or that
wisdom they're supposedly
possessed by……….

Today’s best news--
a ham & cheese sandwich